

About an Artist's soul

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Summary: Just another close to midnight drabble working on format about Collossus.

About an Artist's soul

The disclaimer thingy.

I am in no way being consolidated for this story and nither is Marvel(r)

Please do not sue me because if you are reading this you are actively participating

In whatever crime I am committing. Collossus (tm) isn't mine, nor do I wish him to be.

That would be stomach turning even for me. I just wanna write. Yer ol' pal, Bud.

About an Artist's Soul.

I often wonder why people only see a fall day as beautiful. I see the lines and the colour

mixing with sunlight in the newly crisp air. When the snow comes in winter, even though I have seen it many

times in the two decades of life, the slight blueish tint still sets my eye to wonder at

it's delicate frozen beauty. I inhale the depths of creation before me and marvel at how

God's hand paints all to life and all I can do is replicate. Spring, as a child was my favourite.

I loved after how the long winters life would grow anew and how

nothing is ever simply Red

or green or white. All the other colours in the world play with any other and even in the

sunflower, one can see subtil flecks and meltings of red and green. Summer, that reminds me so

of Rouge.

Had mine mother and father remained alive, I know they would wonder what

possessed me to obtain a woman like her. But to me, Rouge is summer. It is hot outside, yes

and only a cold shower at times can dispell the heat. Her green eyes with flecks of gold

remind me of the subtil beauty of when the grass fades golden in the hotness of the

sultry day. I would love to feel the coolness of mine oil paints as they are moved across

a fresh white canvas if she were there to scorch the room and put to shame the master's

models with her well curved, milk- white body. But in the back of my mind still lays

my fall girl. Katya. I miss her so, but I feel that us two, will never again be "us two".

My dreams turn to Kitty. But my eyes to Rouge. I want to believe I love Rouge, but do I only so

out of loneliness? My dancer leaps through my mind as my hands to the gessoed peice of taunt

fabric before me. I have a picture of a green eyed southern lady in my mind, But I paint

browned eyed Katya instead. I loved her curly hair before she and shorn it so short.

The multi- facited colours that raidiated Through her hair was a joy to paint, Even though i did so of her secretly.

My mind turnes again to Rouge. I can't hurt her, and if I do, surely pain and I

shall be made great aquainances.

My mind troubles me, so I paint, I recreate. I ponder about God and his wonderful hands.

I do anything I can to still my thoughts and put them for another day. I paint for hours and hours

untill the early morn lights. As I behold my painting to see what my troubled hands have wrought.

A picture I remember from the early days. Kitty on the pitchers mound being teased about a dancer playing "ball".

She pitched, I swung with all my armoured might and hit the ball as high as a passing plane, and as we all watched in amazement,

a scantily clad Rouge flew high and caught me out. That was the day Storm became our leader.

That entire day was full of beauty. Kitty, as she pitched the ball and sweat gleaming off her forehead,

I hand found to be glowingly attractive. Rouge, wearing next to nothing, was a tantalising treat so

hat Kitty wasn't the only one hitting the showers and Storm with her gracefull skills as she defeat

Cyclops was stunning to behold.

So why did I paint a young girl wearing a baseball cap and blowing a large pink

bubble as she poised to throw a "fast one"? I have a choice to make. Rouge, whom I know I have or Kitty whom

I have no idea how to keep. Sleep on this hot summer's morn will not find me so easily. Rouge asks me, "Whacha

been doin' sugah?" when I get to bed, and thanking high heavens I'm not dateing a telepath I say nothing more than "Just working".

End  
file.